

The Strangest Things by The-X-Men-Lover

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Summary: (Mid Season 1 Episode 6) Nancy, Jonathan and Steve see too much, so they're kidnapped, drugged and taken to the Hawkins National Laboratory. They wake up with new tattoos-and superpowers. Three near strangers on the run from the law with powers they can barely control. What could go wrong?

The Strangest Things

Hello all! This is the first chapter of my first story! I hope you all enjoy!

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters or this universe.

Jonathan

I observe. It's what I do. Others love to be the center of attention, under the brilliant glare of a spotlight. Me, I prefer being the one operating behind the scenes. It's like that saying. *Out of sight, out of mind*. Hell, even if I was standing in front of you, you'd probably just look past me. And I was fine with that. Totally fine. Until that one day. I had woken up early, per usual, and had just started making breakfast when my mom dashed into our tiny kitchen, her voice octaves higher than it should've been. I didn't know what was wrong. Apparently, Will wasn't in our house, or anyone's house for that matter. He was gone. Vanished. Missing.

Then, everybody was looking at me. I wasn't ready for the glare of the spotlight, I don't know how anyone can be. Some told me they were sorry for my loss. I wanted to scream at them. *He's not gone! He's not dead!* And then, after that night in the forest, when Barbara Holland disappeared right before my eyes, something seemed off. That feeling got even stronger when Will's body was fished out of the lake. He had lived in Hawkins his whole life, how would he be able to fall off that quarry? He could probably navigate it blindfolded, with his hands tied behind his back.

But I accepted it. I had to. Even if mom wouldn't. Saying he was in the lights, stringing them up across the house. And the responsibility fell on me, to find a coffin for my little brother while my mom went bats*** crazy. It tore me apart. Will was the one who was going to do something with his life. I was just the crash test dummy. And no one cares what happens to the crash test dummy. But now, everyone was watching the crash test dummy, waiting for me to slip up, so they could pounce on my mistakes, like lions on a wounded gazelle. And after that day in the school parking lot, with the pictures from the

forest scattered around me and my camera smashed, everyone was circling, preparing to pounce. Everyone except Nancy. She was what scared the lions away. She came back, telling me about the figure behind Barb. Maybe, just maybe, Mom wasn't crazy. So we went monster hunting, looking for Barb and that ...thing. We found it. Or, rather Nancy did.

A parallel universe that existed within our own. I mean, really? Apparently so. And Steve, a jealous, vengeful boyfriend who keeps Nancy on a short leash, punishing her when she even hangs out with other guys? Apparently so. Although, this is less of a surprise than the alternate universe.

I didn't know this until Nancy and I went looking for weapons that could kill the beast. Then we ran into a different kind of monster. Specifically of the green-eyed type. I guess I let my temper get the best of me, and someone called the cops. So I ran. Mom didn't need my arrest right now. Not on top of everything else.

And that about brings us up to speed. I'm currently running from the police, following the person I just beat up, chasing an interdimensional beast with a girl way out of my league.

"Jonathan!" Nancy called, grabbing my shoulder and pulling me behind a trash can.

We peered over the edge of the silver can, watching the cops run by. I slid down against the rough stone wall, glancing down at my bloodied knuckles. I noticed Nancy looking at them too.

"So, that graffiti was..."

"I don't wanna talk about it." Nancy said quickly. I shoved my hands in my pockets.

"Sure." My cheeks reddened.

A sudden clatter startled the two of us. I snapped my head up and instinctively reached for my camera, but was met with empty air. Right. Another thing destroyed by King Steve.

Two men in white coats stood by an unmarked van with a body at

their feet. Will's body.

"Is that..." Nancy started.

"Yes." Anger flared inside me.

"Look. What's that fuzz around his body?" Nancy squinted, ponting at Will's chest.

"I dunno. It looks like stuffing."

"Why would Will be stuffed?" Nancy murmured, mostly to herself. The realization hit me like a truck.

Mom. When we went to confirm the identity of the body they fished out of the quarry, she said that it wasn't Will. I dismissed it as grief, but what if she was right? I shuffled closer, Nancy on my tail.

"Where do you think you're going, Byers?" Steve grabbed me by the scruff of the jacket, pulling me closer to his busted face. My knee slammed against a trash can, sending it careening to the ground with a loud clatter.

The men in white turned around, dropping my brother's 'body' unceremoniously in the van.

"S***." Nancy cursed under her breath.

"Is that little Byers in the van?" Steve laughed. "I thought he was dead." I spun around, ready to defend my brother when Nancy interrupted.

"Shut up and run." She shoved us forward and we started running, but we didn't get very far before I felt a sharp prick in the back of my neck.

"Nancy..." The world was spinning, almost in slow motion. The alleyway blurred as I fell to the ground, slamming my head into the cement. I was dully aware of Nancy and Steve hitting the pavement just ahead. And then everything went black.